

# Old Bazer's Hero

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

Since he had broken the bond which for a little while had held him, he had fallen back into all the regular ways of his youth, and among other revived habits was that of taking his mother to the old-fashioned chapel in which she had worshipped, after her own fashion, all her life. He used to sit in sight of Mary Hackett there, and without criticizing motives too closely, it is just possible that he continued that revived habit of his as much for the sake of seeing her as for any reason which the pastor or the place might have found more solid.

It happened one gusty Sunday night in midwinter, a month after Hackett's return, that he went to chapel alone, and returning homeward, overheard a phrase which, in its own due time, brought him the supreme temptations of his life.

The Bard was dutifully showing Hepzibah homeward, and the two were butting against the wind, head downward and shoulders squared, when Blane came up behind them. Hepzibah, with the wind in her ears, was unconscious of the footsteps in her rear, and shouting to Shadrach, said:

"Trust a woman for readin' a woman's heart. It's Ned he cares for."

The unwilling listener stood suddenly still, and all the blood in his body seemed to riot for a moment in his heart and head. He was conscious of nothing for a while, and when he recovered himself he was surprised to see the dark figures still but a little way in front of him. He seemed to have been absent from himself and them for a long time. Hepzibah's voice reached him, blown backward by the wind.

"No," she was evidently answering some saying of Shadrach's which Blane had missed. "No harm'll come out of it. Her's as good as gold, and so is he; but it's him as her's grown to care for, though it's a million to one he never guesses it."

Now Ned Blane had never played the eavesdropper in his life before, but if all self-respect had hung forever upon the issue of that temptation, he would have let it go. He had followed to hear, simply and purely because he could not do otherwise, but now that he had heard he stood still in the roaring wind.

If that were all, he would have gone on his way. The thought haunted him thereafter day and night, and brought with it such temptations as the simplest minded may fancy. But in a little while the true temptation came. That howling wind turned due north and blew for days. It bore bitter frost upon its wings, and locked every stream and creek in ice and standing pool deep in black ice. There had been no such frost for years, and all the skaters in the township must needs turn out day by day or night by night to revel on Parker's mill pond, a space of water some dozen acres in extent, which, being sheltered by thick wooded slopes from the wild wind, had frozen marble smooth. Ned was no much of an expert, but the feet passage through the stinging air at once inspired and soothed him, and he was there night after night amongst the crowd who sped to and fro in the coming and going of numbers of torchlights and the steadier glare of crescent fires which burned upon the bank.

Saturday afternoon left him free for an hour or two of daylight, and he set out for the pool. As he reached the edge there was a great noise of applause, and a huge horseshoe line of spectators was formed upon the ice to watch the evolutions of some skated performer. Ned, dangling his skates in his hand, walked over dreadingly enough to see what might be seen, and shouldering through the crowd at a place where it was less dense than at most points, beheld his enemy, who, with half his world for onlookers, was walking hither and thither with an enchanting grace and dexterity. His habitual swagger became him here, and was converted into a beauty. He circled, poised on the outer edge, at apparently impossible angles, soaring like a bird of even wing, waving and darting with a bold and sweet dexterity, and turning, as it seemed, more by volition than by force of skill and muscle.

And as he skimmed the ringing ice, followed by the hurrahs and hand clapping of the crowd, restored to all his old kingship, Ned looked on, and was aware of such an inward volcano of rage and hatred as scorched his heart within him. There is no speaking of these things. The mere truth is that these extreme passions, which he would not let be of love or hate, are so rare that no words have been coined for them. We find words for the commonplace, because all men and women have felt it. But the little hate is as common as glass, and the great is, happily, as rare as the rainbow.

With that phenomenon and unnamable hate, Ned Blane watched his blackguard rival as he swam in perfect grace and mercurial swiftness on the frozen surface of the pool. The mere presence of the man was enough; but the popular applause ebbed him as if with sulphurous ashes.

There was at the south end of the sheet of water a mill wheel, now frozen and set, but it had been working until yesterday, and near it the ice was known to be quaggy and unsafe.

The bases of the horseshoe line were drawn away from this unsound spot of ice, and in the middle of it was a low post with a cross piece upon it, and on the cross piece was pasted a strip of paper, whereon was printed the word "dangerous." Now that day, as every day of late, Hackett had been drinking, and this sign of danger lured him nearer and nearer. He did things in spirituous recklessness which he would not have dared to do had he been altogether sober, but in that state his nerves were apt to turn against at very simple matters.

But now he was so sure of everything that, in spite of warning cries, he must needs go swimming and sailing nearer and nearer to the warning post, trusting to his own swiftness to carry him harmless over the treacherous ice. And Blane, since one must needs tell the whole truth about him, stood looking on in satisfaction in the certainty that by and by the ice would give way with him, and maybe drown him, and so rid the world of a villainous grown phenomenon.

Crash! Hackett was through, and the ice started right to the feet of the horseshoe line. The people started backward with a wild stampede, which set the solid floor walking like the slow movement of free water beneath free wind. Ned Blane held his ground.

"There!" he said within himself.

Then in one mere second—for at such times fancy will busy herself, and will get through more work than she will do in a common year—he saw all that might happen from this unnamable villain's death, and justified himself to let him die, and exulted in the thing that lay before him.

Up came Hackett, spouting and screaming with struggling arms, and down again he went like a stone. The crowd yelled and screamed, and went silent. He came up again and clutched at a square of ice, and went down with it. And then and there, with one incredible lightning flash, Blane read his own heart, and snatched his own salvation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

On a spring morning the wind was clanging and the bells were pealing, and rent clouds charged over the chill blue field of the sky at such a pace that the random gleams of sunshine cast between them swept hill and dale with a bird-like speed. The strong sunshine broadened the heathy hills and climbed them at a flash; the surly shadow crept in its rear, and the new bright racer leaped behind the gloomy edges of the cloudy shade, as if eager to annihilate it.

Shadrach, standing at the door of his mother's cottage, clad in his Sunday best, with a white favor in his coat, and his hands enshrouded in monstrous gloves of Berlin thread, fixed his new hat with an air of resolution, as if prepared to hold to it in any extremity of the wind's boisterous jollity.

"I tek it," he said, turning to Hepzibah, whose good behind in a summy costume of white muslin and a very triumph of a bonnet—"I tek it as a kind of honor as ain't often done the likes of huz."

"I should think it," answered Hepzibah. She spoke almost snappishly, being engaged with a hairpin and a refractory glove-button, but she looked up a second later with a frank and smiling face.

"Yes," said Shadrach's mother, hovering about Hepzibah and touching her here and there with decided fingers, and retiring with her head on one side to observe the artistic effect of each stroke.

"It's a thing as you'd ought to remember to your dyin' day, Shadrach. To be the first to look a noble figure, a noble honor, Shadrach, and I hope as it speaks well for your future."

## UNDER THE SUN.

The men who have gone before us  
Have sung the songs we sing;  
The words of our clamorous chorus,  
They were heard of the ancient King.

The chords of the lyre that thrill us,  
They were struck in the years gone by,  
And the arrows of death that kill us  
Are found where our fathers lie.

The vanity sung of the Preacher  
Is vanity still to-day;  
The moan of the stricken creature  
Has rung in the woods alway.

But the songs are worth resting  
With the change of no single note,  
And the spoken words are ringing  
As they rang in the years remote.

There is no new road to follow, Love!  
Nor need there ever be,  
For the old, with its hill and hollow,  
Love!  
Is enough for you and me.  
—Century.

## SECONDARY CONSIDERATION

THE little, beautifully formed girl settled her broad shoulders more comfortably against the sun-warmed rock behind her and glanced rather contemptuously at the small, well-knit man beside her.

"I'm sure I never could endure a man who was not physically brave and strong," she said, with the irritability of a woman who is conscious of an inconsistency in herself. She was provoked to find herself liking this little man with his charming conversational powers.

"And how about mental and moral courage?" he questioned.

"Secondary consideration to me," she answered, curtly.

"How you must admire Mr. Dent, our young football enthusiast," he said.

"I do," she said, rising and going out to the farthest jut of the rock on which they sat.

"How slippery this seaweed is," she called over her shoulder, and then with a little scream she slipped into the deep water around the rock. "Oh! Mr. Kendon," she cried, "please help me, it's so deep here."

The young man remained where he was. "I happen to know, Miss Drew, that you can swim like a fish, and I am too dry to care to take another dip."

She let herself sink once, and then the big form of Mr. Dent, in immaculate white suit, rounded a corner of the rock. He saw her rise and he dashed into the water and bore her to the rock. She turned with her head erect and walked with him toward the hotel.

Dick Kendon noticed a freezing temperature around Miss Drew the rest of the day, but next afternoon, regardless of Mr. Dent's hints at the danger of her running her own automobile, she commanded Mr. Kendon to take the place at her side.

They drove through the parkway, and coming to a fountain, Edith Drew requested her companion to get her a drink. He was rising the cup when four rowdies of the Sunday afternoon type came up to the water.

"Gee, fellers, see the little dude!" cried the largest one. Mr. Kendon continued to rinse the cup without a glance at them.

"Oh! see the strawberry blonde in the automobile! Say, Willie boy, where did your flame buy her hair bleach? I want to try some myself, and I like the color of her paint, too."

Dick Kendon's eyes blazed. "You dirty, lying dogs," he cried. "If I had a gun I'd shoot you all as if you were a lot of mongrel curs." The big bully stepped toward him with doubled fist and Dick threw the contents of the dipper full in his face.

"Consider that I have struck you in the face," he cried, flaming with anger. "I would not really soil my hands on you." And before the rowdy could hit him, he dashed for a near-by elm tree, and was up and out on the furthest point of a small limb with the agility of a cat.

"Go," he called to Edith, "go home quickly; I'm safe here, the limb won't bear two."

With a quick turn of the automobile Edith rode straight for the men who were hunting vainly for stones on the smooth gravel road, and knocked one fellow to one side. The others started to run and she chased them full speed with the machine almost on them until they disappeared, leaping over the flower beds and bushes. Then she returned to the young man dangling from the elm.

"No, indeed," he answered, "I'm aware that my position is elevated, but it is ridiculous, and a woman does not forgive that in a man. I shall wait until you go."

"I shall not go," she replied.

"You must," he said. "I shall take the next train for the city and the episode of our acquaintance will be ended. But," and here his voice shook, "by heaven, you shall know that I loved you, and if I didn't know you despised me, I would show you that a little man's love can be as great as a big one's."

"Dick," he heard from below, "I think physical courage is a secondary consideration, and I'm sure discretion is the better part of valor. If you'll come down now I'll try to give you a little of a big girl's love!"—Indianapolis Sun.

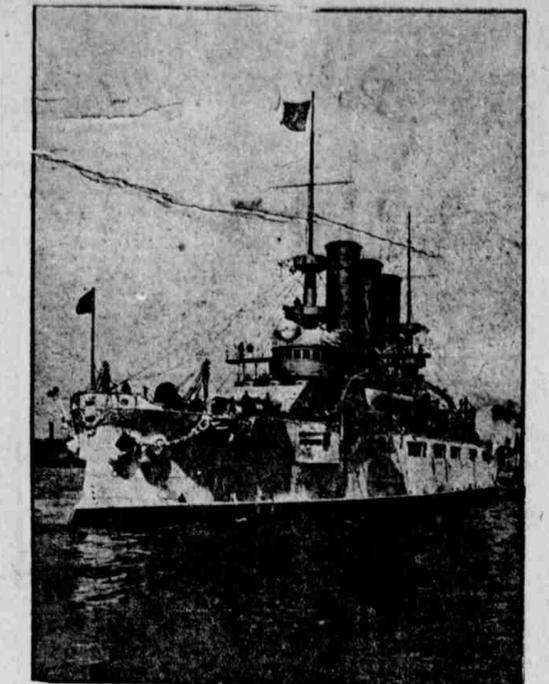
COST OF NAVAL BATTLE.

Five Minutes Fighting Requires an Expenditure of \$70,000 on One Ship.

"From Tuesday to Sunday," Victor Hugo wrote in his diary on Jan. 3, 1871, "the Prussians hurled 25,000 projectiles at us. It required 230 railway trucks to transport them. Each shot cost 60 francs; total, 1,500,000 francs. The damage to the forts is estimated at 1,400 francs. About ten men have been killed. Each of our dead cost the Prussians 150,000 francs."

This extract, says London Tit-Bits, gives one an excellent idea of the cost and ineffectiveness of big-gun work on land a generation ago, when it took an average of 2,500 projectiles, costing 150,000 francs, to kill a single man and to inflict less than \$6 worth of damage on the enemy's fortifications. But time has changed since then.

## BATTLE SHIP MISSOURI, ON WHICH A GUN EXPLODED, KILLING TWENTY-NINE MEN



The battleship Missouri, on which a turret gun exploded, killing twenty-nine officers and men, has been in commission only since last autumn, her official trip taking place Oct. 21. She is a sister ship of the Ohio and the new Maine. Her displacement is 12,300 tons. She is heavily armored, and her armament is in proportion, being four 12-inch guns, sixteen 6-inch guns and a number of smaller weapons. The Missouri also has two submerged torpedo tubes. Her complement is 531 officers and men. She is commanded by Captain William S. Cowles, a brother-in-law of President Roosevelt. Recently the Missouri, owing to her defective steering gear, narrowly escaped sinking the Illinois.

and munitions with them, and the great guns of to-day, on the sea at any rate, give a vastly different account of themselves. During the recent war between America and Spain it will be recalled that the Brooklyn poured such a deadly deluge of projectiles into the Spanish warship Viscaya that within five minutes the latter lay at the bottom of the sea a rent and battered jumble of scrap iron.

In all the Brooklyn fired 618 shells at the Viscaya and the bill of destruction read thus:

To 141 8-inch shells, at \$50 each, \$7,050; to 65 6-inch shells, at \$21 each, \$1,365; to 12 4-pound shells, at \$1 each, \$12; to 400 1-pound shells, at 12 shillings 6 pence each, \$250.

Thus the five minutes firing cost the United States \$8,677, and during each minute of the duel the Brooklyn hurled 123 projectiles at her enemy at a cost of \$1,735. If we add to this the cost of the Viscaya's answering fire we see that the fight between the two ships could scarcely have cost less than \$3,000 a minute, or at the rate of \$180,000 an hour. We must remember, too, that on neither ship would it be possible to use all the available guns at once; so that there is still a large margin for increased expenditure when a man-of-war is in a position to use her fighting powers to the utmost.

But let us take one of our own first-class battleships, the London, and estimate the cost of five minutes' fighting, assuming that she could use all of her forty-six guns throughout.

The London's four 12-inch guns, which, by the way, cost no less than \$220,000, fire armor-piercing shells weighing 850 pounds each at the rate of two a minute, each projectile, with its cordite charge, of 167½ pounds, costing \$80. Thus in five minutes' fighting these four destruction-dealing

monsters would hurl at the enemy forty projectiles weighing more than eighteen tons and costing \$3,230.

Each six-inch gun, of which she has twelve, costing \$3,750 each, throws shells of 100 pounds weight, costing \$14 apiece, and in five minutes of rapid and continuous firing these guns would pour into the enemy's ships a hurricane of projectiles, weighing twenty-two tons, at a cost of \$1,688. So far we have only accounted for sixteen out of the forty-six guns.

The London twelve-pounders number sixteen and cost \$555 each; from the mouths of these guns no fewer than 900 shells could be poured in five minutes, representing nine tons of metal and a cost of \$2,880.

Each of the half-dozen three-pounders has a firing capacity of thirty shells a minute, so that in a five minutes' fight they alone would send 900 worth of metal into the enemy's side; while the eight maxims would send out a storm of death-dealing bullets weighing more than six hundredweight and costing \$140.

Thus, in five minutes' fighting, using all her forty-six guns, the London would vomit forth over fifty tons of projectiles and the cost of this barking would work out to more than \$14,000.

Friend—Your picture of the wood nymph is indeed beautiful. But what did the model wear to create that gauze effect?

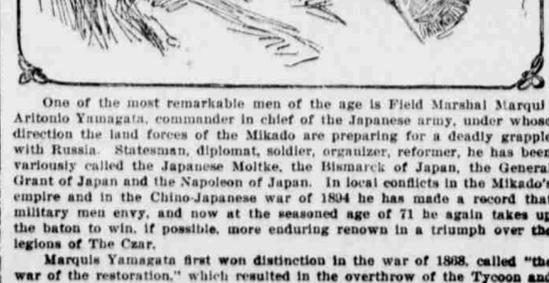
Artist—Oh, she was wrapped in a boarding house blanket.—Philadelphia Press.

Dispelling the Illusion.

Mrs. Goodheart—Oh, Henry! when I gave that tramp a piece of pie he was so grateful that there were actually tears in his voice.

Her Husband—Nonsense! That was only his mouth watering.—Judge.

## FIELD MARSHAL MARQUIS YAMAGATA GRAND OLD SOLDIER OF JAPAN.



One of the most remarkable men of the age is Field Marshal Marquis Arimoto Yamagata, commander in chief of the Japanese army, under whose direction the land forces of the Mikado are preparing for a deadly struggle with Russia. Statesman, diplomat, soldier, organizer, reformer, he has been variously called the Japanese Moltke, the Bismarck of Japan, the General Grant of Japan and the Napoleon of Japan. In local conflicts in the Mikado's empire and in the Chino-Japanese war of 1894 he has made a record that military men envy, and now at the advanced age of 71 he again takes up the baton to win, if possible, more enduring renown in a triumph over the legions of the Czar.

Marquis Yamagata first won distinction in the war of 1893, called "the war of the restoration," which resulted in the overthrow of the Tycoon and the placing of the present Mikado, Mutsuhito, on the throne.

## GOOD Short Stories

In Florence, lately, one of several Italian ladies who were entertaining Mark Twain, asked what was the American national game. "Poker," he responded. When she laughingly protested that he was facetious, he gravely reiterated his statement, and added: "Madame, to the game of poker the American people owe the most valuable lesson a nation can learn: Never give up, even after you have lost your last chance."

A well-known actor was telling his 10-year-old son, whom he considers very immature and young for his age, that he ought to be doing something for his glory and his country. "Why, when George Washington was your age, my son, he was surveying the estate of Lord Fairfax." The boy thought a moment, then he replied, quietly: "Well, when he was as old as your father, he was President of the United States."

"Sardou represents a distinct type of the drama which he originated," said a pupil in Brander Matthews' dramatic literature class at Columbia University. "What description of that type do you offer?" asked Professor Matthews. "Theatrical plays closely packed with interest mark the Sardou drama," replied the young man, promptly and earnestly. "Young man, laughed the professor, 'with a canopener you may yet evolve the great American play.'"

"I am disgruntled," said Senator Foster recently; "I'll never give money to a street beggar again as long as I live. There was a very pitiful-looking beggar in the avenue, a few minutes ago, and, my heart going out to him, I stopped to hand him a few small coins. I had some difficulty, I admit, in finding my change, but that was any reason for the beggar to frown at me, and say, impatiently: 'Hurry up, sir. I've lost several customers while you've been muddling over them pennies!'"

Professor E. G. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, who has devoted much time to proving that football is a harmless game, is very popular among the students. He was entertaining a group of them at his residence one night, and during a space of silence, he took down and brandished a magnificent sword that hung over the fireplace. "Never will I forget," he exclaimed, "the day I drew this blade for the first time." "Where did you draw it, sir?" a freshman asked, respectfully. "At a radie," said Professor Dexter.

When Uru, now admiral of the Japanese navy, entered the academy at Annapolis, he got a good old-fashioned hazing, like all the other fellows, and stood it like a major. When he became an upper class man and privileged to haze the incoming freshmen, he also lived up to the academy traditions. He weighed only about 115 pounds, and was one of the smallest fellows in the academy. "I remember," says one of his classmates, "seeing him get hold of big George Ferguson, now an assistant engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge. 'What's your name?' demanded Uru. 'Ferguson, sir.' 'Spell it.' 'F-e-r-g-u-s-o-n, sir.' 'Spell it over again, and remember that you're addressing your superior.' 'F, sir; e, sir; r, sir; g, sir; u, sir; s, sir; o, sir; n, sir. Ferguson, sir.'"

PLANT A CAUSE OF CANCER.

Sap of the Oleander Is Said to Produce The Dreaded Malady.

When I was a child a neighbor rode to our door on horseback. While he was talking with my father his horse crowded close to the porch and attempted to bite some twigs of an oleander. The man was greatly alarmed when he saw that the animal had broken a stalk, and asked for water and washed the horse's mouth thoroughly.

My father asked the reason for his anxiety. He said a mouthful of the twigs would kill the horse almost instantly, and told of a horse that died in severe tremors a few minutes after eating a few shoots of the plant; also of a neighbor who pruned her oleander plants and threw the branches into a little pond in the barnyard. The cattle drank the water and died.

Some years later a playmate was under medical treatment for an enlargement of the throat which seemed to threaten goiter. Her house was an oleander bower and the blossoms were her favorite decoration. She sometimes bit the stems off if they were too long. After months of the most thorough treatment the swelling disappeared.

A young woman who was extremely fond of oleander plants kept a very large tree in her room. One day in midwinter she dug out a portion of the earth and filled in the space with fresh soil from the florist's in order that her favorite might throw out a new crop of blossoms. That night she complained of serious irritation of her throat. A few days later the glands below the ear enlarged until they were on a line with her cheek. For nearly a year every remedy known to medical science was tried. The swelling at last yielded to treatment and she permanently recovered.

Another woman transplanted and re-plotted a large number of oleanders, becoming much wearied with her task. She complained that night of a curious irritation in her throat. A swelling came in the glands below her ear. All remedies failed. It became malignant and caused her death about six months afterward.

Within the past year a death from cancer of the face or mouth has occurred in a household where are the largest and most beautiful oleanders I have ever seen. Yet another case is that of a woman of middle age whose favorite flower was the oleander. She kept all varieties, collecting them from various places as she found new ones. She had a clearly developed cancer, took treatment for years, and was, so the doctors assured her, entirely cured. Whether any symptoms of the disease

have developed within the last eight or ten years I am unable to say. I might give other instances, but these are to my mind sufficient ground for belief that there is some connection between the oleander and glandular affections of a more or less malignant character.—New York Sun.

MANY CANNIBALS STILL EXTANT

Human Flesh Eaten in Different Parts of the World.

There are many places in the world to-day where cannibalism flourishes. Scattered about the Pacific Ocean are many cannibal islands, where the natives eat human flesh because they like it for food. In others cannibalism is practiced as a sort of religious rite.

The natives of New Guinea are confirmed cannibals, and not long ago they killed and ate the members of an exploring party led by the well-known missionary and explorer, Dr. Chalmers. Dr. Chalmers was one of the founders of Port Moresby, the principal town in the British part of the island, and had done more in the way of exploring New Guinea than any other man. On his last expedition up the Fly River, the largest in New Guinea, he was at first received with all the old-time respect which the natives were wont to show him, but one night they killed the whole party and ate their bodies, including that of their friend, the doctor.

Seven Spanish sailors who were wrecked near the mouth of the Muri River, in West Africa, were captured and eaten by the natives recently.

To-day there are cannibal tribes living in many parts of South America. Such tribes inhabit that region of wilderness belonging to Colombia known as the Caucaeta, and the brother of General Rafael Reyes, the special envoy of Colombia to this country in the Panama matter, was killed and eaten by some of them while attempting to cross to the head waters of the Amazon.

Some of the tribes of northern Luzon are suspected of being addicted to cannibalism. Grewsome tales of cannibalistic practices are told of the wood-worshippers of the interior of Haiti.—New York Sun.

LAY UP YOUR TREASURES.

No Man Should Spend the Whole of His Income.

Is any one too poor to save is an important problem which the readers of a London daily are at present attempting to solve. The question is not by any means a new one; it is one which has troubled past generations, just as, in all probability, it will affect the generations yet to come. We cannot say that this latest discussion of the subject is throwing much, if any, fresh light upon it. In the first place, there is a diversity of opinion regarding the term "poor." One man, who derives an income of \$1,350 a year from private property, fancies he comes under the category, while another does not consider any one poor who has an income of \$500 a year, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. It is manifestly impossible to fix any limit in a matter like this. Very much depends upon the locality and the conditions and surroundings of the individual. An income that would be amply sufficient to insure a family a comfortable home, excellent social advantages and a good living in a country village would mean many privations and sore discomforts in any large city.

On the whole, however, we are inclined to believe that Max O'Reilly's views on the point under discussion come nearer the safe and common-sense rule than anything we have seen. "I do not care," he says, "how small the income of a man is, he should never spend the whole of it, especially if he has a wife and children. He should at least save enough to pay every year the premium on a good life policy. No man is worthy of the name who does not do this, at least, at the price of whatever privations he has to submit to. Some pleasure may be derived from high living, but certainly no happiness."

ORIGIN OF CITY PLANS.

Traceable to the Inclosed Camp—Features of the Primitive Fortifications.

All cities, with few exceptions, trace the origin of their plan to the inclosed camp, and many still show marked features of primitive fortifications, writes F. E. Lamb in Architects' and Builders' Magazine. In all early schemes for defense the inclosed square was considered the best. From the time when wagons were merely parked on the plain to the time when buildings were constructed with blank walls to the enemy, and their flank to the open square, this plan has been universally adopted; and many of the great squares or market places of famous cities still show undeniable evidences of these precautions for defense. In the old city of Brussels, the square upon which faces its wonderful City Hall is approached by streets so narrow that they must surely have been constructed with the idea of defense in mind.

Were it possible to forecast the rapid development of cities, or to predict which of our many cities is to become a metropolis, the problem might not be such a difficult one, but such, unfortunately, is not the case. Even the most vivid imagination would scarcely have been able to predict the enormous increase of population and the consequent architectural development of modern cities. The rapid growth of American cities is well known, but few realize that the older cities of Europe have had a similar experience. The recent increase in Berlin has exceeded that of Chicago, and what is true of Berlin is true of many other European centers. It is then not surprising to note that in Hanover, Hamburg, Nuremberg, Leipzig, Leiguitz, St. Johann a Saar and Magdeburg, modern municipal buildings of great importance have recently been or are now being constructed.

Showing His Graduation.

She—Why if you say you can't bear the girl why ever did you propose?

He—Well, her people have always been awfully good to me and the only way I could return their hospitality.—Punch.

Too many people are anxious to furnish a cause regardless of the effect.